

 r/HFY · Posted by u/MajorDZaster 6 hours ago 

Their Secrets That They Won't Share

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Doctor Molark entered the room to look at the captive being placed into restraints by the guards. A human. They had a strange design, the two non-locomotive appendages that branched to allow for fine object manipulation, that part didn't seem particularly odd, but the bipedal movement method was curious, especially with how narrow their bases of support were. They needed to rebalance significantly from their normal position to stand on one leg, yet when they walked, they had no issues with stability. And they had 2 primary ocular receptors aligned next to each other facing the same direction. It wasn't that bizarre on the whole, but it personally irked Dr Molark.

"So, this is how things must go, is it?" Molark intoned. The human remained silent. "You know what we're after. There's no need to be so stubborn about it."

"Do humour me." The human said.

Molark scowled, the Mel'angk being one of the few races that had facial expressions. He obliged the human's request, however. "The Compact of Spacefaring Races has requested for data on human anatomy, and your people have refused quite unreasonably."

"That kind of data is ours to keep if we so require."

"The CSR offered the same data for all of our current races to you, and you turned your back to it. Do you understand the kind of offer you're refusing there, how absurd your decision is?"

"We aren't interested."

"Aren't interested! You have no idea how much use your people could get from this!"

"You have no idea how little use humans would get from such information. Besides, we still aren't giving our secrets for a business offer."

"It's just as well that we aren't trying for a business offer anymore. The CSR has been hospitable and reasonable trying to get this information, now we aren't going to be so nice. Either tell us about what makes your kind tick, or we'll have to find it ourselves with a dissection. You have 5 minutes to think over this decision."

Dr Molark and the guards left the room.

"What do you mean, he's dead!"

"The guard entered the room to check on him, and his chest was split open."

"Well, we can still get an autopsy, right?"

"Well, there might be a problem there. Come see."

Dr Molark entered the room, assistant in tow.

The human lay on the dissection table, restraints still in place, but with the front of his upper torso opened, revealing his innards.

And one very important lack of innard.

"What," Dr Molark said as he processed the very noticeable cavity spot in the chest, "is the missing system?"

"We don't know yet, we'll need to start the autopsy to find out."

"Then let's get on with it already." Dr Molark said, but he had a grim feeling that the missing piece from the human's chest was the single piece they needed.

"It was his intelligence core, I *knew it!*" Molark snarled with frustration.

"Even the other data is utterly bizarre," the assistant said, "They don't even have a heart."

"Power core, don't use the common terms like that."

"Well, doctor, the human doesn't have any primary reactor. Nor is there any design for one, unlike the intelligence core which was obviously removed."

"If they have no power source, how do they live?"

"He had a minor auxiliary solar havester, but other than that, it seemed they rely purely on stored battery power, which they switch out and charge externally."

"That's... That's... I... WHAT? No other species generates power externally and then inserts it into themselves. That's less efficient compared to a fuel intake, and having to open your core to do so and make yourself so vulnerable... Ugh, never mind, do we have any idea how he destroyed his own intelligence core? We didn't care that much about the hardware, we just wanted to

look at the programming and coding designs of a human mind." Molark groaned in dismay. "All the races of the CSR have taken inspiration from other races to make optimisations to their own intelligences, making them faster, giving them stronger brute processing power, and so on."

Humans had been found to be sloth like in their conscious thought speeds, and even worse with processing power, choosing to make programs dedicated to such things that were entirely separate to their own minds, and the inefficiency of such separation was obvious. However, for their slowness of regular thought, their more subconscious and reflexive processing speeds were among the better of the CSR races, and they had a surprising knack for having semi decent estimates without even dedicating processing power to calculating outcomes and probabilities.

The human military force had performed in war games for skill assessment, and the results were impressive. Their soldiers were almost graceful in how smoothly and quickly they could react to and evade attacks without having even fully analysed what was happening. More usefully, they were able to fire without natural targeting assistance almost as well as any race with targeting assist, making them largely unaffected by any target scrambling method that didn't outright disable their sensors.

All in all, they were a flawed diamond. They had so many brilliant aspects that could grant great improvements to all species, and their own faults could be all but erased with the information from the CSR.

And yet... They still refused to share their neural data.

"We examined the empty cavity where their intelligence core was Doctor. We could find no evidence of self destruction. We're clueless as to how it disappeared."

"Well, is there anything we can glean from the the surrounding parts?"

"Well, the surrounding parts are for converting input from the core into commands to their chassis, but... Those systems seem to be designed for a pretty odd input method."

"How so?"

"It looks like... It's converting attempted movement into... Actual movement. Like, if the intelligence core already sends commands in the same format, why would you need to have an input conversion system for that?"

"Hmm, it sounds rather patchwork to me."

"You may be onto something, there's even a bunch of movement commands to non-existent systems which are ignored. Like, we found mention of a respiratory system, we can't make head or tails of what it is, or why the intelligence core would be sending the command if such a system doesn't exist. And the speech control is a steaming pile of Meklak.v4 nuclear waste that somehow

involves internal structures in their MOUTH, as though it's an orifice instead of a dynamic facial decoration, like the Mel'angk. Somehow that garbled command ends up getting translated into perfectly legible vocal emissions."

The assistant felt at its power core, his body language implying exhaustion. "If you ask me, it looks like the discrepancies between the software and hardware got horrific as they created new designs, and instead of making a proper solution to their interface disparity, they just tacked a rough fix onto their hardware input ports. It's an absolute mess. I bet you'd find tidier looking systems in an organic."

Dr Molark chuckled weakly at that. "And he said they needed no help from our designs. Such bigotry and arrogance."

Molark's dissection of a human had resulted in a dead end, and the project had been passed to someone apparently more competent, but Molark always had a nagging thought that he was sure was important, but could never understand how.

Intelligence cores aren't necessarily armoured, but they're still robust enough to take a knock without damage. Yet the casing unit for the human's was unreasonably soft and padded on the inside, with a peculiar gel of sorts that the neural impulse receivers were embedded in. And the casing shape...

Why was the intelligence core the same 2 armed bipedal shape as the human chassis itself?